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Sharp, Descending First Love! [edit]

It happened when I was a third year middle school student, at school after class. I, Sado Tarou, was chatting with my best friend, Hayama Tatsukichi. About half of my classmates were still in the classroom when the room's door opened noisily. A female student then entered the room. She headed straight towards us and then stopped in front of me. She was quite pretty. She had short hair which looked pretty soft and skin which was as white and as smooth as a baby. With her wide and beautiful eyes which really left an impression, she was certainly someone who you wouldn't be embarrassed to call beautiful. She also had cute, thin and pink colored lips which for some reason made me feel uneasy. Even though a beautiful girl like that was looking straight at me, I had no recollection of who she was. She was definitely not from my class.

The girl tightened her lips and as if to knit her eyebrows, glared at me. She looked angry yet scared at the same time, a very complicated expression. And for some reason, her body was trembling a bit. I looked back at her eyes as I tilted my head. I was about to ask her whether she needed something from me when the girl raised her white and slender right hand. With a force that seemed to split the air, her right hand hit my left cheek.

"Ube!?!"

With a force that resembled a punch more than a slap, my cheek received a strong shock which reverberated through my skull. Pitiably, I was blown off backwards mowing down the seats and tables behind me and then finally collapsing on the floor.

"What's up with the sudden slap!?"

Holding down my left cheek as I lay on the floor like a girl, I looked up at the person who had made me eat a strong slap. She was looking down at me with exceedingly cold eyes.

“Someone like you should just die!”

I couldn’t say anything back.

The girl’s act of violence was too sudden, too unreasonable. She gave off a very cold glance as if looking down on something terribly disgusting. Her words were truly harsh. A normal person would have been furious right about now, especially after everything that had happened, it would be ridiculous otherwise. My whole body was quivering. I was shaking tremendously. A sudden gush of emotion was running from my head down to my toes; it completely ruled my mind and my body. Everyone in class expected me,Sado Tarou, to leap up at the angry girl. That was until I suddenly clung to the foot of the girl who gave me a slap and screamed.

“More… pleeeaaaseee hit me more!”

“…..Eh?”

The girl let off a troubled voice. I drew my body closer to the girl’s foot while having a hollow and dubious smile.

“Mo..more! Please hit me more! Please gaze at me like as if you’re looking at something worthless! Please curse me with more cruel words! I.. I beg of you!”

The classroom stood still.

Without even noticing that the classroom has stood still, the girl continued to smile at me eerily. She along with everyone in class looked like they were completely taken aback.

“Pig! Please call me a disgusting pig! Princess, please kick my dirty ass with your beautiful and noble leg!”.

My whole body was trembling furiously. But that trembling wasn’t that of anger. For a moment, my heart and my body was controlled by an unknown pleasure. I completely lost myself to the extraordinary sensation.

“A pe..pervert.” said someone in our class.

“What a freak”.

“What a deviant.”

My classmates were watching me from afar with a face which seems to have seen something truly disgusting.

“That’s no..not it..” I said to my classmates.

But at the same time, I felt pleasure from the look of disgust given by them.

“No, that’s no..not it! I’m not a pervert! That’s why you can stop looking at me like that! Aa.. Aah… But, that looks you’re giving me feels good… no.. it doesn’t feel good! This is not what it seems! I’m noooot a pervert!!!!” I yelled while having a creepy smile on my face.

“..ch”.

I woke up from sleep, suddenly raising my body from my bed.

“Haa.. ha.. haa.. a dream..”.

I was in my room. I held my head while sitting on top of the bed.

“Damn it. That was a terrible nightmare…”.

If I'm going to see a dream, I might as well dream of her. As I thought of that, I wiped the sweat on my forehead with my right hand. I thought of the girl with the glossy, black hair which reached up to her back and who looked neat and beautiful. The girl I’m thinking of is Shiori-hime.

“…nn?”.

Inadvertently, the moment I put my right hand on top of my bed, I

felt something soft. It was marshmallow soft. It felt too soft for a bed.

And when I looked, there was a woman sleeping beside me. My right hand was on top of her chest.

“Uoooi!?”

I hurriedly removed my hand. The girl had a small build and had fine, straight hair which reached up to her collarbone. The girl wearing a pink pajama was facing the side and was rolled up sleeping while innocently letting small breaths off from her lips. A few strands of her fine hair were resting on top of her white cheeks.

“He.. Hey! Wake up!”

I spoke forcibly at the girl’s ears while my face convulsed.

“…nn.”

The girl slowly opened her eyelids, looking up at me with a blank expression while she rubbed her sleepy eyes with the back of her right hand.

“You’re noisy… Tarou-chan..”

“I’m not noisy!” I angrily shouted at her sleepy face.

“And after I’ve told you so many times not to slip on my bed, idiotic sister!”

This was my older sister, Sado Shizuka, 19 years old.

“But…” said my sister as she sat up on the bed.

With a height not more than 149cm, my mini-sized sister looked just like a kid, especially with the innocent appearance she had at the moment.

“But, I was really afraid of the thunder and couldn' t sleep because of it. It left me with no choice but to go to Taro-chan’s bed.”

“You’re obviously lying! We’ve been having perfect weather since yesterday! The chance of precipitation was zero percent!”

“I got caught. Ehe.”

“It’s not ehe’!”

“Uhuu”.

“It’s not ‘Uhuu’!”

“Uhee”

“It’s not ‘Uhee’ too!”

“Putting that aside…” whispered my sister as she drew her lips closer to my ear and spoke with a voice which made it seem like she was about to reveal a secret.

“Was your sister’s breasts soft?”

My face turned red.

“You… were pretending to be asleep!?”

“Uwa- Your face is all red. How cu..cute!”

“Hey! Stop clinging!”

“If Tarou-chan ever felt like it, I’m always ok with it. Incest that is.”

“Stop saying nonsense!”

I forcibly separated my sister from me. At that time, the clock which was by my pillow came into view. 7:5x AM.

“What the hell!?”

I grabbed the alarm clock with both of my hands.

“Are you serious… I had my alarm clock set to ring at 7:00AM! Why didn’t it ring!?”.

“Ah, it was me who stopped it.”

“Huh?”

“My classes start from third period so I’ll be fine not waking up that early. But then that clock started ringing so early, so before it could wake up Tarou-chan, I quickly stopped it."

This slacking college student.

“Why the hell did you do that!? At this rate, I’ll definitely be late!”

“You don’t have to be that angry. The desire to feel Tarou-chan's warmth even for a second longer, that's onee-chan's love for you.”

“Shut up! And just leave!”.

“Noo.”

After having chased off my sister, I quickly started changing into my uniform. I then went down the stairs and headed to the dining room.

“Ara, Tarou-san. Good morning. It seems you woke up a bit late today."

Appearing from the kitchen which was further inside the dining room was my mom, Sado Tomoko.

“Good morning, mom.”

My mom was already past forty but no matter how you looked at it, she only looked like she was in her early thirties. We sometimes even got mistaken as siblings whenever we went out together. She had her hair which was about shoulder length tied from behind once. Mom was smiling softly in her apron while holding a plate in one hand.

“I’ll immediately prepare your breakfast. Today’s meal is Tofu miso soup, fried egg, salmon and..”

“Nah, I won’t be having breakfast today since I’m kinda out of

time.”

“Eh..”

Mom’s smile stiffened. The plate which she had been holding suddenly slipped out of her hand and shattered against the surface of the floor.

Crash.

“I see… Tarou-san doesn’t want to eat the food I made.” Mom’s eyes began to grow cloudy and then finally started shedding big drops of tears. I was taken aback.

“Tha…that’s not it! It’s not like that!”

“It’s fine! You don’t have to say anything since this is my entire fault! Please forgive me for being an incompetent mother who only causes trouble to Tarou-san. Uuuu…”

Moving to the dining room while crying and appearing as if she was about to stumble when she entered into the living room, she finally sat down in front of the altar found there. On the altar was a picture serving as a vestige of my father who died five years ago.

“Dear, I’m sorry… because of me, because of the incorrect way I raised him, Tarou-san’s mind has been too distorted to the point that he can’t even enjoy breakfast."

“What the heck are you saying! I’m just skipping breakfast!”

“The road to becoming a NEET starts from here. Ahh, for my beloved son to suffer one of society’s problem.”

“How did you come up with that!? I’m skipping breakfast just because I’m out of time and… Ahh, this has started to become a pain. I get it. I’m eating. I’m having breakfast!”

“Eh, really?”

My mother's somber face turned into a smile. I nodded my head while still feeling groggy.

“Ufufu. I’m glad. Then, I’ll prepare breakfast immediately. Tarou-san should just sit at the table and wait for it. Today’s breakfast is going to be delicious again.”

My mother, whose mood had suddenly improved, started to hum something, a complete change from the earlier scene.

“Crying like that is just unfair.”

Her tendency to easily turn to tears once something happened, especially if that something was related to me, was something I really had trouble with. Although I knew she would stop crying soon, once she began, I just couldn't refuse her anymore.

“Looks like I’ll be completely late today.”

Placing my elbow on the table, I rested my chin on my hands and then sighed.

After a 15 minute ride on a train from a station near my house, I got off at Sakuramori station. A succeeding 10 minutes’ walk from there and I’d find the school I attended, Sakuramori Private High School.

“Ah.. I’m super late.”

The distance from the school’s gate to the school’s entrance was a 50 meter long gentle slope which was similar to a tree-lined street with Cherry trees standing at both of its sides. It was currently May, so the Cherry blossoms had already gone, but I could still remember how beautiful the trees had been during the entrance ceremony when all of them had been blooming together at once. Looking from the school gate, you could spot the club building at the left of the slope. This was where different clubs held their activities. At the other side was a parking lot for bicycles. About halfway through the slope, I found a brown cat.

“If it isn’t Norayoshi.”

“Nya” cried Norayoshi as it approached me, rubbing its body at my leg.

“You really are a cute guy. There, there.”

Crouching down, I gently stroked Norayoshi’s head. It narrowed its eyes as if to show how good it felt. Norayoshi was a stray cat who was used to people and had made the area around the school its sleeping ground. It was loved by everybody and had become a mascot character for Sakuramori High School. The halfhearted name, Noriyoshi, was given by a doctor who was working at the school a few years before.

“This is bad. I don’t have the time to be playing around with you. Later, Norayoshi.”

I waved my hand at the cat while heading towards the school building. It then folded its back leg and sat down and with a cry, saw me off. I reached the classroom 5 minutes after the first period had begun. While preparing myself to get scolded, I softly opened the classroom door. That's when I noticed that the classroom was a bit noisy.

“Huh?”

The teacher wasn’t at his desk. And at the blackboard, two words – study and period, were written.

“Study period, huh?”

I was saved. I let off a sigh of relief. I then sat in my chair which was near the middle of the column at the side of the window.

“Hey, you’re pretty late today.”

The guy who sat in front of my seat turned around and said this while laughing. He had short blond hair and a slender face. His eyebrows were a bit shaved, so he looked intimidating at first. With his modified uniform slovenly worn and a style which no matter where you looked was the same as saying “Hello, I’m a delinquent.”

was my best friend, Hayama Tatsukichi. I had first met him when we became classmates during our first year in middle school and for some strange reason; we hit it off and got along really well. We were in the same class during middle school, not to mention the fact thta we were in the same class again this year. This would be the fourth consecutive year that we had been together. We might have some kind of shared fate.

“This was all my mom and my sister’s fault.”

“Uwa. To put the blame on your adorable family instead of admitting that you were late because you overslept, Tarou, I’m heartbroken. I don’t remember raising you like that.”

“I don’t remember being raised by you, too. And I’m saved because of this study period.”

“Looks like the teacher for the first period took a break because he suddenly got ill, which is how we ended up having study period.”

“I see. Seems like I’m pretty lucky today.”

“But the macho guy was really mad this morning, he was saying something like ‘Where the hell is Sado!?’.”

“Are you serious?”

The macho guy we were referring to was our class’ homeroom teacher, Nakayama-sensei. Nakayama-sensei was a physical education teacher with a height of 185 centimeters and a muscular body. Almost everyone in our class called him ‘macho’.

“From how it looked, it seems like you’ll be ending up with him holding protein stuff and forcing it into your mouth while screaming ‘You being late is a sign that you don’t have enough muscles!”

“Ugee.. It sounds so real, it’s scary.”

He was the type of teacher who looked like someone who would seriously believe that this world would be peaceful if the entire human race became more muscular and brawny. He was crazy.

“More importantly, was there a theme given for this study period?”

“Nah, it looks like it’s up to us. In short, we’re left to study on our own.”

“Nice.”

My classmates, without even bringing out their book or notes, were busy with either chatting or sleeping in the classroom. Since there wasn’t any work given, I guessed this was normal. Study on your own? As if there would be a sane student who would do that, it’s not even before exam period.

“Well..” said Tatsukichi

“I guess I’ll go over yesterday’s lesson. I did review it once last night, but you can’t go wrong with studying a bit more.”

There he was. A student who’d actually study.

He, Tatsukichi, was a guy who completely looked like a delinquent but was actually a serious student inside. He usually had one of the highest grades for our year during middle school. He never failed to study and review his lessons and was even part of our middle school’s student council. Although the middle school we attended was a bit loose with school regulations, with how he looked, I’m surprised he was actually allowed to join the student council at all. I guess that just shows how much he was recognized by the teachers. Now, there was a reason why the honor student, Tatsukichi, looked like this. He was short. He was probably a few centimeters away from 150 centimeters which wass about the same as a female high-school student. According to him, it seemed like from childhood he had always been the shortest in class. And once he had gotten into middle school, it seemed like he got bullied by other students in the same year because of it. Tatsukichi, who wanted a way to stop the bullying, ended up going to school with his hair dyed blonde and his eyebrows shaved. The guys on the same year got scared of how he looked and thus his bullying stopped. Since then, he had continued to keep this appearance. The moment I looked at Tatsukichi, the door at the front of the classroom opened reservedly, and from there a female student came

in. She had short soft hair, long eyelashes and big eyes which seemed to attract your attention.

Her white skin looked like it was painted with pale light. Although being slender, she had all the right stuff. She also had, or rather held a decent yet modest body, in other words, a perfect figure. She was a real beauty who could make anyone turn around and look at her. The moment I saw her, I automatically started feeling depressed. She was the girl who had appeared in my dream. At that time, I hadn't known who she was, but now I know, after all, we were in the same class. Her name was Yuuno Arashiko.

“Late again, that girl's coming late pretty often. And she even skipped class without permission yesterday, I wonder if she’s a delinquent.”

“That’s something she probably doesn’t want to hear coming from you.”

After seeing the blackboard, she walked through the aisle of seats and headed towards her chair which was at the last row of the middle column and then sat down. She opened a paperback book and with an expression which somehow looked gloomy, started reading. A traditional way of spending one's free time. Her eyes suddenly moved and met with mine. I, who was looking at her for no reason, quickly averted my eyes.

“But it really is such a coincidence...” said Tatsukichi.

"For us who came from the same middle school to be in the same class..."

"I guess."

Among those who attended Seiwa Middle School, there were only a few of us who decided to attend this school. Most of our former schoolmates attended a much closer public school. It was just the three of us - me, Tatsukichi and Yuuno Arashiko. And for us three to actually be in the same class. Not to mention there are nine sections in our grade level. I'm genuinely happy that me and Tatsukichi are on the same class but to be in the same class as

Yuuno, to be straight, I really hated it. I absolutely hated it.

"You're looking blue again. I think you shouldn't think of what happened back then that much." said Tatsukichi while smiling.

'Shut up' I said as my mouth turned into an [へ] shape.

It was a certain afternoon, we were third year middle school students--

When Yuuno abruptly came into our classroom and suddenly slapped me. And with me confused and unable to comprehend what was happening said this;

"Someone like you should just die!"

I still don't know why she hit me and why she said that thing to me. But her actions called forth and awoke something sleeping inside my body - a certain element or maybe I should say a certain attribute.

Something unknown gushed forth from the deepest parts of my body when she hit me, looked down on me with cold eyes and when she threw those harsh words at me.

That something became a golden current which brought forth heaven-like pleasure and ran about my entire body. It ruled every cell which composed me with its overwhelming power which can compared to a catastrophe. I lost myself and then clung to Yuuno's feet and said this.

"More... Pleeeeeaseee hit me more!"

"..."

I awoke at that time. Awoke to something called Mashochism. Moreover, half of the class was still left in the classroom. So it didn't take long for everyone in class to know that I was a hard M, M as in Masochist. And from that day, I was isolated. The guys looked at me from afar while grinning at me while the girls had their face warped from fear and disgust and didn't come near me. Those were hellish days.